

- ▢ [Home](#)
- ▢ [Reading notes](#)
- ▢ [Good Poems](#)
- ▢ [Media Diary](#)
- ▢ [Photos](#)
- ▢ [Live Blogs](#)
- ▢ [Links](#)

## Deep Wood

He stood back from the big doorway, and they crowded round it, peering in. They saw a room lit by the blaze of a huge log fire — a room with a high, domed ceiling and a big candelabra right in the middle, hanging on four chains and with six candles in it. The fireplace was large and seemed to be set right back into the far wall. Half a dozen deep chairs were ranged along its sides, facing one another over the grate where the logs were piled in a roaring heap. A big round table was set at the entrance to the hearth, directly below the candelabra. Two long couches were against the other walls, and several small tables and chairs stood about the floor, each table with a candle in an elegant candlestick on it.

...

When they had recovered from their surprise at their host's secret, they set about making the room look even more festive. After several attempts at various doors in the storerooms' passage, Old Stripe discovered where he had put the holly and fir away for decorating. While the Badger suggested where to arrange the evergreen, Potter and Scruff Fox brought in logs from the big wood room at the end of the passage that led only to storehouses. A huge stack of dry timber was made on either side of the fire, in the hearth, so there would be enough to last over all the feast days.

By the time they felt ready for sleep that night, the banquet room was decorated; the fresh holly leaves gleamed in the soft light, and the glint of bright red berries set off the green in contrast. One by one they wandered off to bed, and as Old Stripe laid his head on the pillow, he heard the faint southing of the gale above the ground. So he wriggled his warm toes between the sheets, and decided that gales were all right — in their place. Let it blow.

...

The light of the winter sunshine faded in the long slanting windows, and bright stars twinkled in the black velvet of the skies. All the parcels had been put away in one of the big storehouses, and Stripe told his friends to sit down at the table for the last meal they would have before the days of the great feast — and it would be a very light meal indeed. After the dishes had been cleared away, they sank into the deep chairs about the hearth and lit their pipes, talking quietly of other winters in years long past. Before midnight, they went off slowly to bed. On the eve of the feast they always stayed in this house, and the great fires would be kept going all night, to greet them next morning with a cheerful blaze. The Badger was last to bed, for he had stayed in the banquet room after the others had gone and looked round it with a deep satisfaction. For over a year he had looked forward to this night, when he could stand in his banquet room — the room he had always wanted in his house. Tomorrow, it would see the bright candles of the first winter feast, and its walls would echo to the cheerful sound of voices and old songs.

[Tags](#) [Archive](#) [RSS feed](#) [QR Code](#)

Made with [Montaigne](#) and by [anton](#) 